UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Pusillanimous Prosperity

By H. R. MUSSEY

A Talk With a Boatman

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV. Chapter X

By M. K. GANDHI

Spiritual Values in the Poetry of Carl Sandburg

By MARGUERITE EMILIO

VOLUME C NUMBER 12

Chicago, November 28, 1927

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

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FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission FOR FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.00. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

UNITY

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:
John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
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700 Oakwood Boulevard **CHICAGO**

Contents

EDITORIAL— Page
Notes 183
Pusillanimous Prosperity—H. R. MUSSEY....185
Jottings—J. H. H....187

ARTICLES—
Recognize Russia—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES....183
A Talk With a Boatman—ANNA LOUISE STRONG 187
The Story of My Experiments With Truth—Part IV, Chapter X.—M. K. GANDHI....189
Spiritual Values in the Poetry of Carl Sandburg—MARGUERITE EMILIO....190

POETRY—
The Wanderer—ALICE M. SEAMAN....188

THE STUDY TABLE—
Reviews by JOHN HAYNES HOLMES:
A Biography of Beecher....192
War Guilt 194

CORRESPONDENCE—
The Great Flood in India—C. F. ANDREWS....194
The Most Effective Thing to Do to Stop War—ROLAND D. SAWYER....194
A Chinese Paper in America—KWEI CHEN....194

THE FIELD—
Events in Germany During the Summer 1927. I. Protestant Social Convention—THEODOR HAHN 195
International Fellowship of Reconciliation—News Sheet 195

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1927 NUMBER 12

RECOGNIZE RUSSIA

I beg to thank you for your kindness in giving me opportunity to express my emphatic conviction that the United States should give recognition at the present time to the Russian Soviet Government. I am of the opinion that this recognition should have been granted years ago. It is now much belated, but for this reason should be given now with all speed. That the United States Government should have been unfriendly to the Russian people during the last decade, when Russia has been struggling to win and consolidate her freedom from the old Czaristic tyranny, is one of the things of which I am most ashamed as a citizen of this country. America in the past has been the friend of revolutions which have brought larger liberty and fuller life to the stricken peoples of the world. I still hope that America will recover her former attitude, and the one best evidence of this would be the recognition of the Soviet on this tenth anniversary of its founding.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Russky Golos.

There has been something pathetic in the obscurity of Trotsky in these exultant days in Russia of the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. In no pageant has his face been seen, at no meeting has his voice been lifted. While other and younger men have been cheered to the echo by the multitudes, Trotsky has passed unrecognized or, if recognized, unnoticed. Yet his fate is not unfamiliar. Two types of men are invariably swallowed up in the flood-like sweep of revolution. One is the moderate, like Lafayette in the French revolution and Kerensky in the 1917 revolution, who stands in the way of the extremist in the early days of revolutionary passion and power. The other is the extremist, like Robespierre yesterday and Trotsky today, who stands in the way of the conservative in the later days of returning sanity and moderation. Russia today is stabilizing itself. Abandoning, as Lenin abandoned before his death, all hope of world revolution, the Soviet Republic is seeking that adjustment to the environing world of capitalism which is the price of survival. This means compromise. And Trotsky, like Zinovieff and Rodek, and unlike Stalin and Rykoff, is unwilling to make the change. A veteran of old days, tried in the fire, victor over incredible conditions of ruin and despair, he sees no reasons for turning back. So he is in the Opposition, and the Opposition in Russian Communism means obscurity and disgrace. So Trotsky has had no part in the mammoth celebration of the heroic decade. He has been neglected, forgotten, even villified. But he need not worry. Deep down in his heart he has his comfort and reward. For when the revolution in its darkest days was fighting for its life, he led the "red" van of battle. Putting himself at the head of the army which he mobilized, armed and trained, he met the enemy hosts one after another, and hurled them all back to the frontier in confusion and death. Like Carnot in the days of the French revolution, Trotsky was "the maker of victory." With Lenin he will stand in history as one of the two great leaders of the Russian revolution.

Gosh, this is funny! We refer to Lord Wemyss's recent statement in the British House of Lords that Great Britian should denounce the famous Declaration of Paris of 1856 and assert her intention in any future war to exercise the right to search neutral ships at sea and confiscate merchandise destined for enemy countries. Verily, this is a scream! For what does Lord Wester Wemyss (name sounds like Gilbert & Sullivan!), First Sea Lord, former commander of the British fleet in the Dardanelles, distinguished man, what does he think England was doing with the Declaration of Paris during the four years of the Great War? Observing it, obeying it, reverencing it? Yes, just about as much as the German army was observing, obeying and reverencing the treaty of neutrality with Belgium. There were lots of "scraps of paper" during the War. They littered the horizon like snow the New England hills. Some of those "scraps," if put together, would have made the Belgian treaty, and some others would have made the Declaration of Paris. England did on the seas in 1914-18 whatever she wanted to do, or thought it necessary or even advisable to do. She held up neutral ships, searched them, escorted them into harbors where they were held for months, and in the last resort confiscated goods whether contraband or not. Had America been as sensitive to violations of international law in this regard by England as she was sensitive to violations of international law in other regards by Germany, we would have been in the War early in 1915, and against England instead of against Germany. The English navy? it is the most lawless thing in the world today. For Lord Wemyss to stand up in the House of Lords and talk about the Declaration of Paris as though it existed any

more, is an insult where it is not an out-and-out joke. No wonder that the correspondent of the New York *Times* described the discussion of the noble Lord's plea as "purely academic." *Academic?*—we should say so! As academic as the discussion of the success of a surgical operation after the patient has inconsiderately died.

Cheer up, ye who would abolish war! American militarists are scared. They see spooks. These columns recently reported ludicrously desperate propaganda from Boston, seeking to arouse a menaced nation to the perils of such fierce destructionists as Jane Addams, Helen Keller, and numerous rampaging pacifists who affect male attire. Other ardent propaganda has been running now for more than two hundred days. At least, that number of the *Daily Data Sheet* of the Key Men of America has been issued, and each rising sun hails a new ebullition of horror over pacifist attacks upon the sacred institutions of war and preparedness. A recent number of this sheet rehashed charges from the house organ of one of the transportation lines, in which the Federal Council of Churches was denounced for circulating among 125,000 churches the "Kirby Page pledge," through which the youth of the land are being seduced into treachery and sedition. So exhilarating was this exposure to the military hosts that an officer of the Navy besought the editor of the publication where it originally appeared, to permit its reprint in the benign propaganda conducted by the federal departments of Army and Navy at the expense of American tax-payers. In the meantime Kirby Page and officers of the Federal Council of Churches had been after the editor in such forcible language that the editor replied to the Navy's officer that he had been compelled to recall his assertions, that he had been convinced that there is no "Kirby Page pledge," that the Federal Council had not therefore circulated it, and that his publication had done them grave injustice. It would appear that this *Data Sheet* and its "Key Men of America" have been equally unfortunate in other instances; they have exposed what wasn't there. The roster of these "Key Men," by the way, may read intelligibly to persons conversant with the secret workings of American big business, but it is doubtful if the ordinary well-read citizen would recognize three names in the entire list. If Harry Sinclair's name appeared in the list, it has been removed.

Speaking of Harry Sinclair, what manner of man is he? He will not be fully understood, doubtless, until he is accepted as a type. He is not alone himself; he is a host. Or, if not a host, at least a strain running through our economic life! He probably lives at ease with his own conscience, such as it is. All that troubles him is the vexatious pertinacity of government agents and of certain presumptuous reformers, who will not let him do as he pleases. In the range of affairs where he has operated during all of his business life, perjury, the buying of public officials, the brow-beating of those who oppose his operations, and the summary disposal of those who will not yield to his will, are only details of the day's work. Having been thrust upon the grand stage at Washington, he assumes the grand style. He does there on a great scale what he has done on pettier lines throughout his career. He probably is quite disgusted that such a to-do is made over the manipulations in which he and his agents have been detected in Washington. His is very much the oil type. Ida Tarbell told the story of the early days of oil, so long ago that even she has forgotten the nasty details. Latter day doings are probably quite as nasty, and are even more raw and brutal because the oil stage is nowadays spread not among the pastoral scenes of Pennsylvania and Ohio but in the rough open areas of the southwest, in Mexico and among the mountains. The American public is being given a glimpse down the oil well. The savage rape of nature's bounties cultivates a reckless savagery which is not restrained when dealing with laws and constitutions and the canons of justice of civilized communities. Mr. Sinclair has been described as a Beau Brummel, a flawless fashion-plate, a symphony of dress. He has apparently taken on the polish of civilization with a distinction quite beyond the ordinary. But the raw ethics of the jungle have only become the more revolting because placed in this setting. A cage—in a prison—is infinitely more suitable!

UNITY has been both ridiculed and denounced for its recent editorial on the Lausanne Conference (see issue for September 26th last), in which we spoke of the meeting as a farce, since "just exactly nothing at all was done." In answer to criticisms, we are reprinting here one of the recent Parables of Safed the Sage, which form one of the most delightful and edifying features of our neighbor, the *Christian Century*. Since it is an open secret that Safed is none other than William E. Barton, and since it is known that Dr. Barton was present at the Lausanne Conference, we think it may be safely assumed that this parable has direct reference to what happened, or rather did not happen, at the great meeting for church unity:

Once upon a time there was a Great Convention, and I crossed the Ocean that I might be there. And I hearkened unto much that was said for the space of Three Weeks.

And a Delegate spake unto me, saying, What dost thou think of all this?

And I said, There was once a Convention of Representatives of all the tribes on earth that belong to the Cat Family. And the Lion was there, and the Tiger, and the Panther, and the Leopard, and the Wild Cat and the Bob Cat and the Black Cat and the Yellow Cat and the Maltese Cat and the Manx Cat and the rest.

And the Leopard spake and he said:

It is well known and recognized that all members of the Cat Family were Originally One, and modesty preventeth my saying which one it probably was. But we are in an evil case

because we are Divided. If all the Cats were of One Kind, we could face the Wolves and the Bears Undismayed. Wherefore, we must first consider whether it be true or not that there was but one kind of Cat in the Garden of Eden, and, if so, what Cats beside the Leopard may have been there, and secondly, under what conditions the Cats that can trace their Pedigree from the Original Leopard but have lost their spots can be admitted to the Cat family. But the Manx Cat answered, I am the Original Cat, and all others have disfiguring Accretions, and I insist that all members of the Reorganized Cat Family cut off their Useless and Unsightly Tails.

And the man unto whom I told this piece of History, said, That is most interesting. Tell me the rest of it.

And I answered, That is all there is to tell.

And he said, This is sure a bad place to stop.

And I answered, That is precisely where all such Conventions do stop.

And he said, Did the Cat Convention break up in a Fight?

And I answered, Nay, they all went home saying what a good time they had had, and that they hoped to have Another Convention a Few Years hence, and that there ought to be a Fund for the payment of Delegates' Expenses.

And the man said, Wast thou a delegate to the Cat Convention?

And I said, I sate beside the Owl who was an Unofficial Observer, and I listened unto his Wise Comment.

And he inquired, What did the Owl say?

And I replied, The owl said, I lead, on the whole, a rather Solemn Life. But when I see a Convention like this, I Store Up Smiles to last me a Long Time.

And he said, Which dost thou think was the Original Cat?

And I said, The one that ate the Canary.

The latest marriage of Millicent Rogers is a symphony of ecclesiastical juggling. The notoriety given the domestic affairs of the inordinately and irresponsibly rich has at least the virtue of supplying materials for social philosophy. The cases of the Marlboroughs a while ago, and somewhat later of Marconi, had already revealed to the modern community the ineptitude of current ecclesiastical procedure. This latest development in the domestic affairs of Miss Rogers is simply more of the same. Her marriage to Count Salm, a belated aristocrat in an Austria who has been compelled to go to work at the serious business of modern life, filled the newspapers at the time. Then the numerous more or less scandalous incidents connected with her divorce from him filled the papers fuller still. That separation was successfully achieved. Its complications seemed at the time to be altogether or chiefly civil. Miss Rogers is a "Protestant." The Count is a Roman Catholic, as all highly placed Austrians must have been in the day of his "nobility." But "the church," it now appears, never recognized that marriage, though it issued in a son who furnished the bone of contention during the exciting international legal proceedings involved in the divorce. Having been civilly released from the Salmian entanglement, Miss Rogers promptly contracts another marriage, this time with a South American, who is also a son of "the Church." This marriage is now blessed with all of the ecclesiastical solemnity proper to a virgin fresh from the parental fireside. In the eyes of the church, Miss Rogers had never before been married. Now she is married; the church has pronounced the bans. The world will await with much curiosity the ecclesiastical shifts resorted to when, as would seem inevitable within a few months or years, this marrying maiden applies for a divorce from the present union and then seeks sanction for a new marriage. Maybe she will hit upon a non-Catholic next time. But she is almost certain to encounter another "son of the Church" at some point in her later matrimonial career. Then we shall learn of some new dispensation which regularizes her adventure. For Miss Rogers has money. She has a great deal of money. Money speaks, and "the Church" listens.

Pusillanimous Prosperity

A well-known European scholar said to me a few days since: "I admire your country for its courage in four things: first, in attempting prohibition; second, in entering the war when it did not need to; third, in sterilizing certain classes of criminals and defectives; fourth, in freeing itself from old ideas." I could not help wishing that the tribute seemed to me better deserved, and the remark set me to thinking about the explanation of some contrasts. For this United States of ours today is perhaps as striking a combination of courage and cowardice as the planet has to offer. A country that produces a Ford and a Lindbergh certainly has no reason for despair; one that puts Coolidge next to God no less certainly offers little ground for hope. Whence the courage and whence the cowardice, and how put courage in the place of cowardice?

Historically America means courage. Whatever else those ancestors of ours were, they were not cowards. The men who subdued a wilderness and founded a state took glorious chances, and on the whole took them successfully. The boldness of the pioneer pushed the frontier forever westward, and a people confronted with the failure of existing systems of compulsory labor in face of the opportunities that free land offered the laborer took a daring leap a thousand years backward to set up on this continent the curse of African slavery. Time is still taking its vengeance on their mistake. In a world of political aristocracy and monarchy, our fathers dared try political democracy, and hung together well enough so that they did not all hang separately. In the years that followed they took a chance by building railroads across hundreds of miles of territory peopled mostly by prairie dogs and coyotes. Most of their railroad companies went bankrupt, but today we roll across the continent in Pullman cars. Henry Ford, in more recent times, did not fear trying to make a car to sell to the common man; fifteen million flivvers testify how well his courage paid. The Wright brothers were not afraid to trust their precious

necks to a flimsy contraption of wood and steel and spreading wings; day by day the air mail flies over my house as regularly as I go home to dinner. So one might go on indefinitely multiplying instances; the Americans that we remember were no weaklings. In another field, we became interested, some of us fanatically so, in the possibilities of a national life not befuddled with alcohol. With a sublime disregard of unnumbered centuries of human experience, we launched out on the prohibition experiment. Many of us believe strongly that we shall get away with that, too. We have experimented with all sorts of political machinery; we have tried economic experiments without number, and social experiments also. Historically, without question, the United States has been a country of pioneer boldness, and the pioneer blood still flows in our veins, as more than one contemporary happening shows.

But historically we have had our yellow streak, too; and now it seems to widen and spread till it threatens to become the prevailing tone of our national life. What American manufacturer has there ever been who did not grow white around the gills at the mere mention of foreign competition, however bold he might be in coping with yet more powerful domestic rivals? Always we have been afraid of immigrants, and now we have banged, bolted and barred the door, and let them in only by the wicket gate. In a country so rich and fat and prosperous that most of us, the farmers excepted, have no grievances, we shiver and shake at the very word revolution, and if we can catch an alien communist we deport him as though he carried the plague. The Sacco-Vanzetti case is only the latest grim commentary on this phase of contemporary American fear. We do well to look at the mirror it holds up for us to see. The terror of new ideas that seems to hold in its remorseless grip so considerable a proportion of our citizenship is forever breaking out in new manifestations, in heresy hunts in unexpected quarters. Dayton trials and Massachusetts justice alike reflect a timorousness of spirit and a consequent incompetence of mind that belie the proudest American tradition. Any pitiable blatherskite is quite at liberty to libel publicly our most eminent citizens, provided only he can show that their ideas have not invariably run in the deep-worn ruts followed by the ordinary mind. The name of Jane Addams, for example, stands at the head of every list of those who appeal for justice, sympathy and understanding for unpopular causes; it heads also every list of dangerous citizens made up by palpitating professional patriots and lickspittle lackeys of the powers that prey. In a sound and unscared state of public opinion, such attacks would be enough to bury their authors under a mountain of well-deserved odium. As it is, they gain the approval of great numbers of fearful and ignorant citizens, and the subsidy of those who do not want injustice exposed.

Whence now comes this timorousness, this spreading fear that threatens to cover over and hide the courage still manifesting itself in many an unterrified American? I believe that the answer is simple, but goes deep. So far as I make out, prosperity and pusillanimity have marched across the continent hand in hand. I do not mean that we are fearful because we are prosperous, and I do not mean that the richer we are, the more cowardly. I do mean that most of us set much store by material possessions. In that case, if we are materially well off, we have something to lose, and we become nervous over any suggestion of change, failing to understand that orderly change is the indispensable condition of social stability. It is not our outstanding rich men, chiefly, who are afraid; if they were, they would not be rich. It is rather the inheritors of wealth and position, the smaller beneficiaries of a diffused prosperity, and the would-be Babbitts not yet arrived. They all have this common belief that wealth and possessions are highly important. As soon as they have anything, then, or feel themselves in a fair way to get anything, they become vastly fearful of losing it, the very word Bolshevism makes their flesh creep, and they would be more than happy to elect Calvin Coolidge president for life on the strength of his skill in doing nothing. This seems to me a very common, indeed a politically dominant, frame of mind in the United States today, and one which bids fair to maintain its dominance so long as we can continue to be prosperous without brains.

There appear to be two lines of possible attack on this faith which underlies our fear. First, people may perhaps in time discover that fear will not work. In a specific application, to quote the words of Sir George Paish, "One of the first things to be done to preserve the world from bankruptcy is to replace the present pusillanimous policy of the nations by one of courage, and for every nation to sell and to buy freely without restriction or impediment of any kind." Necessity may some day drive us to overcome one of our traditional fears, and in overcoming it we may perhaps find our faith itself a bit shaken.

But back of all such possibilities lies, in the second place, a deeper moral question. So long as we do not squarely face the question of values involved, we shall gain little from any change of external arrangements. An America that thinks its greatest treasures are those which are locked up in the bank vaults, or more likely are standing in the garage, will be a timorous America. An American who realizes that everything most worth while is in himself, and that his bank balance and his car are nothing more than useful means, though by no means indispensable ones, to the full realization of

those values, will be a courageous American, one ready to walk in the great tradition of the past. He will front the issues of change unterrified and therefore able to think intelligently, because he will realize that what is worth most can by no means be taken away from him. To help create such Americans is to help in the realization of that perfect love that casteth out fear.

H. R. MUSSEY.

Jottings

One of the most remarkable newspapers we have ever seen is the 40-page Soviet Decennial Number of the *Russky Golos*, published on November 6th. Especially interesting is a special English Section, containing among other things a symposium on Russian recognition. A majority of the contributors—men and women like Sen. Frazier, O. G. Villard, Will Durant, Harry F. Ward, Floyd Dell, Fannie Hurst, Rep. Huddleston, Herbert S. Bigelow, Prof. E. A. Ross—are in favor of recognition. In issuing this anniversary number, the editors of *Russky Golos* have fulfilled their purpose of helping to bring about "improved relations between Russia and the United States."

The killing of American marines in Nicaragua is tragic. So also was the killing of English soldiers in America in 1775-1783. More tragic was the killing of Americans in 1775-1783. And the killing of Nicaraguans today!

Some things that are impossible! Lowering municipal budgets—satisfying army officers with army appropriations—building a navy large enough to give admirals a night's sleep—getting a judge to open his court on time—educating a Fundamentalist—giving 100 per cent Americans some common-sense, or a sense of humor—making Sons and Daughters of the Revolution revolutionists—converting the church to Christianity. These are *some* things. Who will give us some others?

The Vatican wants to reestablish the Papal State. Here is one burnt child, at least, that doesn't fear the fire!

Every joke has its serious side! Here is the idea getting abroad that it is the University of Chicago Library that is involved in Mayor Thompson's *opera bouffe*. It is bad enough for the city to suffer from what is going on, but it is worse for an innocent university to be dragged in.

The proposal that Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, should write his own American history text-book, is an excellent one. Perhaps the book might be as "successful" as the American Legion text-book published a year or so ago. By the way, what has become of that book? Who ever saw a copy? J. H. H.

A Talk with a Boatman

Early in the afternoon, August 22, we left the hospitable officer in Ningkapoo and started for the banks of the Yellow River, where we were told four junks had been hired to take us across. We soon found that, although Kingkapoo was reputed to be on the river, several miles of atrocious road over mud-flats separated us from the actual crossing. The two front cars reached the river proper at 3:30 and waited in growing exasperation and worry till we learned that the green Dodge, in trying to avoid a mud-hole had smashed down a hard hump and cracked its engine case. We sent our chief mechanic, Voloshin, head of transport and repairs, to investigate. After another hour the truck arrived, also reporting trouble. In going over one of the bad side-hill bits on the way to the river, it had turned over, dislodging its nine passengers and much baggage.

No one was hurt, though Percy's body-guard, Woosung, had strained his ankle a bit, and Cook, the Cantonese servant of Borodin, had flown through the air in picturesque flight, landing on his spine. We are sorry not to have that recorded in our motion picture camera. Cook has been a chief comic feature of the trip so far. Secure in the belief that his morning and evening efforts over the primus stove free him from all endeavor during the day, he clings to his high and uncomfortable perch on top of the truck with all the inertia of the East, never dismounting even when the truck must be pushed uphill. Now grinning, now sleeping, his head nods to and fro with the jolting of the car, but his body slides into whatever position the baggage allows and remains immovable. We had all pictured the flight of Cook through the air, should the truck upset, but we were unable to photograph it.

Meantime while waiting on the river front we beguiled the hours in various ways. Borodin spread an oil-cloth in the shade of the automobile and fell into an uneasy doze; Jack Chen waded into the river and took a ride on a Chinese raft, supported by ox-skins. These are wonderful affairs, dating from prehistoric ages. The first mention of them in Chinese literature is over two thousand years ago when they were used on some military expedition for crossing a stream. The animals from which the raft is made (ox or sheep), are skinned in a deft manner which extracts all the bones and tissues without cutting the skin, except for a small hole at the neck and feet through which the pieces of the body are drawn. The legs are then closed again and the skin is inflated with air, and tied at the neck. Prepared with such effort, one such skin will help support a man while

swimming, but a dozen or twenty of them, joined together by poles, serve as foundation for the rafts of which most of the traffic on the Yellow River consists.

We fell at last into conversation with the raft-owner, a dark-skinned Chinese who was as curious to know our ways as we were to know his, Jack was insistent on converting him from the ideas of foot-binding. He asked why the feet of girls were bound.

"It is the fashion around here," answered the man.

Jack argued hotly against it, saying there was no reason for it, but the man imperturbably answered: "The smaller the feet, the more money you can get for their marriage."

At this the youthful Jack broke loose. "Ask him," he cried to Chang Ke, who was interpreting, "If he thinks human beings are like donkeys and cows that they should be sold. Why does he sell his daughters?"

"Oh, no," replied the man with calm philosophy, "I do not consider human beings to be like donkeys. A girl is not exactly sold, but the expense of rearing her is great and since she now goes to another house and helps her parents no more, it is right that they have compensation."

"But she cannot walk properly," cried Jack. "She can ride on a donkey," said the boatman.

We asked if a girl with proper feet could not do more jobs than with bound feet and the boatman replied that he knew this very well, "but," said he, "the custom here is to keep the women in the house doing only such thinks as cooking which do not require much energy or walking."

On inquiry I learned that girls are married at the age of fifteen to seventeen and bring from $50 to $300. If the girl marries a man in her own village, then $100 is considered a very good price, but if she goes to another village where her parents will have few chances to see her again, then they demand a much higher price as compensation.

One of the Chinese officials with us asked smiling if the boatman could get him a girl for $50. "You are only a passer-by; nobody knows you," was the cool answer. So evidently there is an element in the marriage which distinguishes it from a sale.

The boatman said he had married fifteen years ago when wives were cheaper and had only paid $5 for his wife. He said he could not read as "it costs too much to go to school."

Turning to question us he wanted to know what the material was in our tires, as he had never seen such stuff before. We found it impossible to explain where rubber comes from and how it is made in any terms which he could understand—as impossible as to explain modern machine-products to a peasant of the Middle Ages. Then we asked him if he would like to own an automobile, to which he replied practically: "I haven't any money to buy gasoline."

The sun was near setting but no one had made a move either to cross the river or to return. We were told that there would be many mosquitoes here after sundown and that we should return to the military headquarters for the night. We left the truck under guard on the banks of the river, fearing to take it over the bad road again, and returned in the gathering dusk to a supper of mutton and potatoes and rice-water. For the first time in many days I had a room to myself, though it was only an alcove off another room in which slept Chang Ke and the two Chen boys. I celebrated by taking a sponge bath. Except for this convenience, the military headquarters was less comfortable for women than the village stables had been, as it had been organized solely for soldiers and one had to go a long distance to escape from the omnipresent male supervision.

The stars were brilliant, reminding of the approaching desert; the court-yard harmonious in architecture, and full of sleeping soldiers; the commanding officer most hospitable, presenting each auto on departure with a Tartar's head, as the large round loaves of wheaten bread are called. Our green Dodge had been sufficiently repaired to leave in the morning. So full of food and rice-water, we slept well.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

THE WANDERER

She goes, a wanderer, from the ways of men,
  Yet, wondrous fair is she;
Of her, the sages sang in Bethlehem
  At Christ's nativity.
Since then, at times, when mighty forces meet,
  Some martyr makes his choice,
Hearing above the rabble in the street
  The music of her voice.

When from her ashes sated Europe rose,
  Strange longing filled her breast;
To feast at Paris called her friends and foes,
  And made the wanderer, guest;
She came, and radiant on her vestal brow
  The hope of ages beamed,
Stirring the spoiler, who, though silent now,
  Of further conquest dreamed.

They laid a carpet for her tender feet,
  Woven of War's design;
Bread of contention bade the hungry eat,
  And drink of feud's red wine;
She thought how long the rule of might had rent
  The boundaries of the land,
How avarice lurked behind each argument,
  Hiding its armored hand.

The bloom of manhood blighted by its breath,
  And like dumb cattle led,
Their bones to sodden on the fields of death,
  Or bleach on ocean's bed.
"Pledge me new wine," she said, "a rugged way
  Through fire and sword I came,
The light that led seemed that long-hoped-for day
  Dawning in skies of flame.

Away with dregs of hate, this poppied ground
  Reeks with the wine you spill."
Vain was her plea, yet to our heart-throb's sound,
  We sing her beauty still!
We know she listens in some far off place,
  Where star-flung islands be;
The while, low rumblings grow loud apace,
  Above a storm-swept sea.

Whether at dawn or dark she comes again;
  We wait with awe that hour,
Tuning the strings now tremulous with pain,
  To symphonies of power;
Some golden empire waits her wandering feet,
  By martial hosts untrod,
Faintly its temples call, while 'round us beat
  The searching winds of God.

ALICE M. SEAMAN.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTER X

A Sacred Recollection and Penance

A variety of incidents in my life have conspired to bring me in close contact with people of many creeds and many communities, and my experience with all of them warrants the statement, that I have known no distinction between relatives and strangers, countrymen and foreigners, white and colored, Hindus and Indians of other faiths, whether Musalmans, Parsis, Christians or Jews. I may say, that my heart has been incapable of making any such distinction. I cannot claim this as a special virtue, as it has been in my very nature, rather than a result of any effort on my part, whereas in the case of *ahimsa* (non-violence), *brahmacharya* (celibacy), *aparigraha* (non-possession) and other cardinal virtues, I am fully conscious of a continuous striving for the cultivation of them.

When I was practising in Durban, my office clerks often stayed with me, and there were among them Hindus and Christians, or to describe them by their provinces, Gujaratis and Tamilians. I do not recollect having ever regarded them as anything but my kith and kin. I treated them as members of my family, and had unpleasantnesses with my wife if ever she stood in my way of treating them as such. One of the clerks was a Christian, born of Panchama parents.

The rooms of the house, which was built after the western model, had no outlets, as there should be none, for discharging dirty water. Each room had therefore chamberpots. Rather than have these cleaned by a servant or a sweeper, my wife or I attended to them. The clerks who made themselves completely at home would naturally clean their own pots, but the Christian clerk was a new-comer, and it was our duty to attend to his bedroom. Mrs. Gandhi managed the pots of the others, but to clean those used by one who had been a Panchama seemed to her to be the limit, and we fell out. She could not bear the pots being cleaned by me, neither did she like doing so herself. Even today I can picture her chiding me with her eyes red with anger, and pearl-drops streaming through them, as she was descending the ladder, pot in hand. But I was a cruelly kind husband. I regarded myself as her teacher, and so harassed her out of my blind love for her.

I was far from being satisfied by her merely carrying the pot. I would have her do it cheerfully. So I said, raising my voice: "I will not stand this nonsense in my house."

The words pierced her like an arrow.

She shouted back: "Keep your house to yourself and let me go." I had forgotten myself, and the spring of compassion had dried up in me. I caught her by the hand, dragged the helpless woman to the gate which was just opposite the ladder, and proceeded to open it to push her out. The tears were running down her cheeks in torrents, and she said: "Have you no sense of shame? Must you so far forget yourself? Where am I to go? I have no parents or relatives here to harbor me. Being your wife, you think I must put up with your cuffs and kicks. For Heaven's sake behave yourself and shut the gate. Let us not be found making scenes like this!"

I put on a brave face, but was really ashamed, and shut the gate. If my wife could not leave me, neither could I leave her. We have had numerous bickerings, but the end has always been peace between us. The wife, with her matchless powers of endurance, has always been the victor.

Today, I am in a position to narrate the incident with some detachment, as it belongs to a period out of which I have fortunately emerged. I am no longer a blind, infatuated husband, I am no more my wife's teacher, Mrs. Gandhi can, if she will, be as unpleasant to me today, as I used to be to her before. We are tried friends, the one no longer regarding the other as the object of lust. She has been a faithful nurse throughout my illnesses, serving without any thought of reward.

The incident in question occurred in 1898, when I had no conception of *brahmacharya*. It was a time, when I thought that the wife was the object of her husband's lust, born to do her husband's behest, rather than a helpmate and a comrade and a partner in the husband's joys and sorrows.

It was in the year 1900 that these ideas underwent a radical transformation, and in 1906 they took concrete shape. But of this I propose to speak in its proper place. Suffice it to say that with the gradual disappearance in me of the carnal appetite, my domestic life became and is becoming more and more peaceful, sweet and happy.

Let no one conclude from this narrative of a sacred recollection, that we are by any means an ideal couple, or that there is a complete identity of ideals between us. Mrs. Gandhi herself does not, perhaps, know whether she has any ideals independently of me. It is likely that many of my doings have not her approval even today. We never discuss them, I see no good in discussing them. For she was educated neither by her parents, nor by me when I ought to have. But she is blessed with one great quality in a very considerable measure, a quality which most Hindu wives possess in a measure. And it is this: willingly or unwillingly, consciously or unconsciously, she has considered herself blessed in following in my footsteps, and has never stood in the way of my endeavor to lead a life of restraint. Though, therefore, there is a wide difference between us intellectually, I have always had the feeling that ours is a life of contentment, happiness and progress.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.)

Spiritual Values in the Poetry of Carl Sandburg

Even today, when the so-called modern type of poetry has been before the public for some years, there are still people who, on hearing the name of Carl Sandburg, say: "Poetry, do you call the stuff he writes poetry?" An affirmative reply brings up at once the matter of definitions. What is poetry?

If we regard as poetry only that which conforms to certain fixed laws of rhythm and rhyme that have been handed down from the past, then we shall have to rule out Sandburg, and many other moderns, from the list of poets. But no one with any breadth of mind will limit poetry in any such way as that. In "Contemporary Poetry," Marguerite Wilkinson, says: "The poets of today are true to the memory of their great predecessors, not when they imitate them in thought, feeling and manner, halting beside the past that is gone and making graven images of it, but when, living fully in their own times, mindful of the past, dreaming a superb future, they make their craftsmanship conform to the living spirit which is the significance of their work, carrying the noble traditions of our thought and speech as far forward as they can, and producing work remarkable for a new dignity, originality and power. Old laws always afford new opportunities to genius, for genius is always new." A poet as old and as revered as Wordsworth defines poetry as "A spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling," and a modern critic and poet, Harriet Monroe, says in the introduction to "The New Poetry" that whatever the form, that which has passion, glamor, magic, rhythm, and glorious imaginative life, is essentially poetry. It would seem then that "poetry is a matter of mood rather than of manner; of feeling rather than of form; of emotion rather than of rhyme, rhythm, prosody, pattern. This means that the final question to be answered about any poem is not, is it formally correct, or will it scan; is not even, what is its moral, its message or even its theme; but rather, what mood does it reflect, reproduce, and reinduce in the reader or hearer." No one can read Carl Sandburg's poems with any degree of open-mindedness and care and not find in them a "spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling," "passion, glamor, magic, rhythm and glorious imaginative life." We may not like his style, we may prefer the older forms, but we cannot deny that what he writes may truly be called poetry.

On the strength of this the skeptic may admit that Sandburg's poetry *is* poetry, but when one goes further and says that there are spiritual values in it he scoffs at the idea and protests that he will "have to be shown." As before, we have to resort to definitions. What, then, are spiritual values? "Spiritual values are experiences desirable because they have intrinsic worth for conscious beings; moments in which the individual spirit realizes its worth and relates itself to everything else having worth. They are spiritually most worthful when they represent an impact of spirits in which the feelings of one are so agreeably transmitted to another as to give rise to a new outlook, new sympathy, new insight, which when realized will yield new and higher values." John G. Neihardt in "Poetic Values" writes: "At the moment when one experiences the power of any art at its maximum there is a sense of exaltation, of expanded awareness, and the loss of one's habitual self. . . . The intensity of the experience will vary, of course, with the power of the artistic stimulus and the sensitiveness of the psychic equipment upon which it acts." It is quite true that no poet makes an absolutely universal appeal, and not all the poetry of any one poet gives equal pleasure and value even to an appreciative reader. It is fair, therefore, to grant that Carl Sandburg may have no spiritual value for our hypothetical skeptic, but because that is so it does not follow that he has no spiritual value for anyone, and the skeptic, if he is fair-minded, will concede that without further argument. What are the qualities which, when found in a poem, will bring about a "sense of exaltation, of expanded awareness, and the loss of one's habitual self?" Among them, surely, are, a sense of beauty, appealing imagination, passionate sincerity, sympathetic understanding and insight. Before turning to his poems to see if these qualities are revealed in them, it is desirable to tell something of the life of Carl Sandburg, because the poems can be better understood and appreciated if we know the background out of which they sprang.

In the introduction to "Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg," Rebecca West writes of him as follows: "Carl Sandburg is, like Robert Burns, a national poet. Just as Robert Burns expresses the whole of life of Lowland Scotland of his time, so Carl Sandburg expresses the whole life of the Middle West of today. He has learned his country by heart. He was born of Swedish parentage in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878. At the age of thirteen he left school and began driving a milk wagon. He subsequently became a bricklayer, and a farm laborer on the wheat-growing plains of Kansas. After an interval spent in graduating from an Illinois university, he became an hotel servant in Denver, a coal heaver in Omaha, and a soldier in the Spanish-American War, and after that a journalist. He has published four books of poems, "Chicago Poems" (1916); "Cornhuskers" (1918); "Smoke and Steel" (1920); and "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" (1922). The qualities of the Middle West are his qualities. The main determinant of his art is the power of his native idiom to deal with the inner life of man."

With this as a background let us turn to the poems to discover, first, what beauty they may contain. One does not have to read far in Sandburg before coming upon a beautiful phrase, or some lovely lines, often startlingly beautiful because placed in juxtaposition with something quite ugly. This is true of the poem called "The Harbor." This has spiritual value for two reasons—it extends one's awareness, gives a glimpse of the "other half" and their starved lives, and contributes to one's sense of beauty.

> Passing through huddled and ugly walls
> By doorways where women
> Looked from their hunger-deep eyes,
> Haunted with shadows of hunger-hands,
> Out from the huddled and ugly walls,
> I came sudden, at the city's edge,
> On a blue burst of lake,
> Long lake waves breaking under the sun
> On a spray-flung curve of shore;
> And a fluttering storm of gulls,
> Masses of great grey wings

And flying white bellies
Veering and wheeling free in the open.

There is beauty without contrasting ugliness in the little poem "Sketch."

The shadows of the ships
Rock on the crest
In the low blue lustre
Of the tardy and the soft inrolling tide.

A long brown bar at the dip of the sky
Puts an arm of sand in the span of salt.

The lucid and endless wrinkles
Draw in, lapse and withdraw.
Wavelets crumble and white spent bubbles
Wash on the floor of the beach.

Rocking on the crest
In the low blue lustre
Are the shadows of the ships.

The above poems reveal external beauty, the loveliness of various aspects of the natural world. There is beauty of spirit which moves one to admiration and a feeling of exaltation in "The Road and the End."

I shall foot it
Down the roadway in the dusk,
Where shapes of hunger wander
And the fugitives of pain go by.

I shall foot it
In the silence of the morning,
See the night slur into dawn,
Hear the slow great winds arise
Where tall trees flank the way
And shoulder toward the sky.

The broken boulders by the road
Shall not commemorate my ruin.
Regret shall be the gravel under foot.
I shall watch for
Slim birds swift of wing
That go where wind and ranks of thunder
Drive the wild processionals of rain.

The dust of the traveled road
Shall touch my hands and face.

There is a certain poignant spiritual beauty in "Cool Tombs," with its haunting refrain: "In the dust, in the cool tombs." Running through this there is the implication of the immortality of love. This has been so often quoted that there is no need to repeat it here. Louis Untermeyer has called it "one of the most poignant lyrics of our time."

There are many lines and phrases scattered through Sandburg's poems that have the colorful and sparkling beauty of jewels. To list a few:

"Fluxions of yellow and dusk on the waters
Make a wide dreaming pansy of an old pond at night."

"Gold of a ripe oat straw, gold of a southwest moon,
Canada-thistle blue and flimmering larkspur blue,
Tomatoes shining in the October sun with red hearts."

"A sky moon of fibre doubled to a river moon of water."

"Wild ducks woven in greens and purples."

"Let the redwing streak a line of vermilion on the green wood lines,
And the mist along the river fix its purple in lines of a woman's shawl on lazy shoulders."

A second quality which makes for spiritual value in poetry is imagination that expresses itself in images which appeal to us, lift us out of ourselves and give us new insight. This may come through their challenging vividness, or through their delicacy or whimsicality. An example of the former is found in "Prayers of Steel."

Lay me on an anvil, O God!
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
Let me pry loose old walls;
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God!
Beat me and hammer me into a steel pike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

There is delicacy and whimsicality in "Night Stuff" in which the moon and the lake are likened to a "lovely, lonely woman, lost in a silver dress, lost in a circus-rider's silver dress." The same is true of the little metaphor called "Fog."

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

In "Skyscraper" he gives soul, personality, to the great steel structure and describes it accordingly throughout. Imagery very typical of Sandburg is to be found in "Four Preludes on Playthings of the Wind," and in "Smoke and Steel."

Because of his passionate sincerity Sandburg is sometimes extremely shocking to one's calm and complacent attitude of mind—that is why some people do not like him, and it was for the same reason that some of the Hebrews of his day disliked Jeremiah. In speaking of the publication of Sandburg's "Chicago Poems" in 1916, Louis Untermeyer says in "Modern American and British Poetry": "Immediately the cries of protest were heard; Sandburg was coarse and brutal; his work ugly and distorted; his language unrefined, unfit for poetry. His detractors forgot that Sandburg was only brutal when dealing with brutality; that, beneath his toughness, he was one of the tenderest of living poets." Almost the same thing might have been said, perhaps was said, of Jeremiah in his age. Poet-prophets are still without honor among many of their own people!

The "Lines to a Contemporary Bunkshooter" are, I suppose, among the most vulgarly frank and shocking that he has ever written, yet I doubt if they give an exaggerated picture of Billy Sunday. They were actuated by Sandburg's own sincerity, and his utter hatred of that bunk which masquerades as religion. They, therefore, have spiritual value even though it is not expressed in refined and pleasing language. Another caustic poem, ugly and relentless as its subject, is "Killers." Of course, people do not like it, it is too baldly true and sincere; nevertheless it is spiritually valuable in that it quickens one's hatred of war and deepens one's insight into the horror of it.

I am singing to you
Soft as a man with a dead child speaks;
Hard as a man in handcuffs,
Held where he cannot move;

Under the sun
Are sixteen million men,
Chosen for shining teeth,
Sharp eyes, hard legs,
And a running of warm blood under their wrists.
And a red juice runs on the green grass;
And a red juice soaks the dark soil.
And the sixteen million are killing . . . and killing and killing.
I never forget them day or night:
They beat on my head for memory of them;
They pound on my heart and I cry back to them,
To their homes and women, dreams and games.
I wake in the night and smell the trenches,
And hear the low stir of sleepers in lines—

Sixteen million sleepers and pickets in the dark:
Some of them long sleepers for always,
Some of them tumbling to sleep tomorrow for always,
Fixed in the drag of the world's heartbreak,
Eating and drinking, toiling . . . on a long job of killing.
Sixteen million men.

Sincerity and tenderness are shown in the appealing poem, "At a Window."

Give me hunger,
O you gods that sit and give
The world its orders.
Give me hunger, pain and want;
Shut me out with shame and failure
From your doors of gold and fame,
Give me your shabbiest, weariest hunger.

But leave me a little love,
A voice to speak to me in the day end,
A hand to touch me in the dark room
Breaking the long loneliness.
In the dusk of day-shapes
Blurring the sunset,
One little wandering, western star
Thrust out from changing shores of shadow.
Let me go to the window,
Watch there the day-shapes of dusk,
And wait and know the coming
Of a little love.

His insight into, and understanding of, and sympathy for human beings, are shown in many poems. There was "Mamie" who "beat her head against the bars of a little Indiana town and dreamed of Romance"; the "Fish Crier" who was "terribly glad that God made fish, and customers to whom he may call his wares from a push-cart"; the "Child of the Romans" who keeps "the roadbed so the roses and jonquils shake hardly at all in the cut glass vases standing slender on the tables in the dining cars"; "Mrs. Gabriel Giovannitti" who "comes along Peoria Street every morning at nine o'clock, with kindling wood piled on the top of her head"; "The Shovel Man," a dago working for a dollar six bits a day"; "Chick Lorimer," "dancer, singer, a laughing, passionate lover," whom everybody liked, and who went away no one knew where; the "Working Girls" with faces that tell their stories. All these and many others Sandburg writes about with almost startling comprehension of their thoughts and feelings.

The poetry of Carl Sandburg is the sort that gives most of us a jolt. If read with an open mind it can broaden one's horizon, give new sympathy, new insight, which in turn will yield new and higher spiritual values. Rugged strength, sincerity, the courage of convictions, are to be admired and respected wherever found. When those attributes are combined with sympathy, insight, love, a sense of the beautiful, and the ability to express them all in a unique and compelling fashion, the result, for many, is fascinating and spiritually most valuable. We may not want to read Sandburg all of the time, we may still love the rhyme, the more obvious rhythm, the refinement and delicacy of some of the older poets; but when we desire the refreshment of a strong breeze from the West we may well turn to Carl Sandburg, the tender-hearted son of the Prairie.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

The Study Table

Book Reviews by John Haynes Holmes

A Biography of Beecher

This biography* has become a center of controversy. The controversy has its ultimate origin in a hero-worship of the Henry Ward Beecher which was one of the outstanding facts of the middle nineteenth century, which has survived untarnished as a kind of legend into our day, and which now revolts against any questioning of its sanctity. The controversy has its nearer origin in a basic misunderstanding of the essential character of Capt. Hibben's work. Most of those who assail it, we opine, have not read it.

What seems to be taken for granted by its critics, is that this book is only one more of the numerous "smart" biographies which have become so much the convention of our time. Since Strachey, the master, perfected his technique of exposure and depreciation, a myriad disciples, of varying talents, have taken up the cheap and easy business of seizing upon great historical characters and showing what "boobs," or rakes, or criminals they really were. Not a man of however noble reputation or consecrated character is safe from these ghouls who would disinter his remains and show their foulness. Biographies of this sewer type swarm upon us; Hibben's biography of Beecher reveals a shabby charlatan in place of the familiar hero of tradition; therefore, this biography is one more of the type so popular today. This is the syllogism, perhaps inevitable under the circumstances, which has dictated an indictment of Hibben's work to so many minds. But the logic of the syllogism is false, and the condemnatory conclusion, therefore, unsound.

So far from being a smart, superficial, cynical biography of the now unfortunately familiar type, this life of Beecher is one of the most serious, earnest, scholarly works that I have ever read. It is a masterpiece of its kind—one of the great biographies of modern times. Its documentation is extraordinary. The story set down, and its interpretation as well, are backed by letters, diaries, affidavits, current newspaper and magazine data, gathered with what must have been such exhaustive and exhausting labor from so vast a mass and variety of sources, that one stands almost stupefied by the spectacle. Nothing is left here to chance, or surmise, or gossip, or malicious invention. There is much of the new psychology in Hibben's method. There is more than once a trace of irreverence, or disgust, or mordant humor, not unjustified by the material in hand. But the dominant notes of the book are full and exact knowledge of the facts, scrupulous fidelity to these facts, honest purpose, fearless integrity. Not realizing what he was in for when he started his work, the author refused to be daunted when he discovered the real nature of his task, and thus pushed through to the bitter end, that truth might loyally be served. The result is a book which must take its place as a standard work alike of scholarship and literature.

All this I say and not with satisfaction but with regret, even humiliation. For Beecher was one of

*"Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait," by Paxton Hibben. Published by George H. Doran.

my gods. I knew about the Tilton scandal in Beecher's life, as Hibben apparently did not, but it did not trouble me, for I had been assured that Beecher was innocent of all offense, at worst the somewhat foolish victim of an hysterical woman and an ungrateful friend. What interested me in Beecher was his magnificent eloquence, his unparalleled capacity for public leadership, his gift of courageous prophecy, his anti-slavery work, his Liverpool address and other notable services of the Union cause during the Civil War, his support of Cleveland in 1884, his pioneer preaching of evolution, and his free theology through a generation of bitter controversy. Henry Ward Beecher was never to me, as he was to many others, the great American preacher. I have always given this position of primacy to Theodore Parker! But he was in the chosen group of five or six, at most, who have glorified the American pulpit and lifted it high among all pulpits in the world. I thought of him always with kindling enthusiasm and humble reverence, and, living as I do in the immediate neighborhood of Plymouth Church, have many times made my pilgrimage to the sacred shrine.

But I shall never think of Beecher in this way again, and I have made my last visit to the shrine! When I finished Paxton Hibben's biography, my idol lay in ruins about me. There were a few recognizable fragments left—Beecher's surpassing powers of public oratory, for example. Nothing can dim his ability to capture, hold and enthrall an audience. It may be argued not without reason that Beecher was the greatest popular orator ever produced in this country. But of the figure as a whole, that sublime man who had held the Victorian generation in this country as by a kind of spiritual hypnosis, nothing was left. Hibben's book had turned it all to dust and ashes.

This is Hibben's crime in the eyes of those who condemn him. What impresses me, however, after a careful study of his entire work, is a simple fact I cannot escape—that *Hibben has proved his case.* And this case, be it said at once, is not the Tilton case! It is true, as his critics point out, that the author devotes something like twenty-one per cent of his entire book to this ugly scandal. But he does this from no love of gossip. He does not discuss, and never once suggests, the idea that Beecher was guilty of adultery. What he sees in the Tilton case is a kind of climactic episode, the crisis for which Beecher's whole life had been preparing, and which shows therefore his essential character writ large. Guilty or not guilty of the offense charged, Beecher acted in that drama, from the first innocent philanderings with Mrs. Tilton to the last cruel attacks upon Mr. Tilton, the role of an insincere, hollow, selfish, cowardly man. Throughout he was the charlatan, betrayed by his emotions, willing to do anything to maintain his reputation and power with the people. Inwardly, from the standpoint of the soul of the man, the famous trial was the high spot of Beecher's life. Here we see the man for exactly what he was—the episode explained everything that has gone before and everything that came after. Hence its essential significance, and Hibben's justification in treating it at length.

It is what is left, or not left, of Beecher as a minister and public leader, that is of final importance. What do we see? A man of little knowledge, no learning, meagre intellectual capacity, who bought books but never read them, proclaimed ideas but never conceived them, parroted with matchless eloquence the current and not infrequently stale thoughts of his time. A man whose career was one long emotional and often sensual debauch, of which popular applause and adulation were the most exquisite ingredients. A man who led the life and thought of his age only as a drum-major leads the band, making deliberately gorgeous display of the music of other souls. A man who never espoused an unpopular cause or opinion, never led a forlorn hope or broke a new trail, but was quick to jump on the band-wagon of a movement suddenly become popular and therefore safe. A man who was essentially a showman, a play-actor, a performer, who deceived the crowd by first triumphantly deceiving himself. A man shallow, hollow, empty, all outside glitter and inside void, basically though unknowingly insincere, inevitably weak and shameless, in the end a charlatan of empty words and idle gestures.

What is devastating beyond all description in this biography, is not Beecher's philandering throughout his life with women, though that is bad enough. It is his record on great public questions now seen to be a tradition as untrue as most tradition. I had always thought, for example, that Beecher was an outstanding and particularly heroic champion of anti-slavery. This book shows that, on the contrary, he opposed the abolition cause when he dared, evaded it at other times, and espoused it only when it was sweeping the north like a tidal wave. Garrison despised Beecher, and with good reason. I had always imagined that Beecher was one of Lincoln's boldest and most generous protagonists. Hibben shows that, for three years, Beecher showered Lincoln with shameful and cruel abuse, and then suddenly, when Lincoln grew strong with the turn of fortune on the battlefields, swung blandly to his support, and vociferously claimed a friendship with the great President which never existed. I had always supposed that Beecher was one of the pioneer liberal theologians of his day. Hibben proves that he never took a step which had not been blazed before him by other and braver men. *"Proves,"* I say! This book is not concerned with smart innuendo, sly suggestion, malicious slander. On the contrary, the biography deals with *facts;* every assertion is documented with chapter and verse. I have never read a more terrible or a more unanswerable revelation.

When, shocked and horrified, stricken suddenly of one of my greatest heroes, I laid down this book, I found myself groping for some test of its validity. Could these things be true? Must I believe them? Then, as though by inspiration, I took down from my library shelves Weiss's life of Theodore Parker. Here was Beecher's twin, so to speak—a great preacher who talked to multitudes, who figured among the top-most leaders in the anti-slavery fight, who emancipated his age from the fetters of a bad theology. Suppose, now, that a vicious man should turn to the records of Parker's career and try with deliberate malice to do what Hibben has done with Beecher. Could he tell any such tale? The answer speaks itself. All of Parker's life is open as the day, and pure as mountain air. But not so Beecher's! If Hibben was purely wicked in his design, the great Brooklyn preacher was easy to his hand. He did not have to hunt hard or far to find material for his ugly purpose. But Hibben was *not* wicked! He was as honest as he was in-

nocent in undertaking to tell the story of Beecher. When, to his own horror, he began stumbling upon the truth so long concealed, he hesitated. But to his eternal credit, be it said, that he remained faithful to his task. Truth is truth, whether beautiful or ugly, and when found it must be told! Paxton Hibben has done the inestimable service to us all of exploding a myth. If we are stricken, it is because we have been much deceived, and shrink from facing the reality of so characteristic a product of our nineteenth century American life. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

War Guilt

This book* is indispensable to those of us who are interested in the great question of guilt in the World War. It is not a history so much as it is a book of reference, and is therefore not so much to be read as to be consulted. Amid the welter of literature on the subject, this book comes as a guide—or, as the author calls it, "an analytical survey"—of the most important publications which have appeared since the beginning of the World War concerning the causes of that War. Few living men are so competent as the distinguished English historian to sort and sift "the almost bewildering accumulation of material." This enormous task he has fulfiled with a success which places every student of the question immeasurably in his debt.

The volume consists of nine chapters. Eight of these have to do with Germany, Austria, Russia, the Near East, France, Belgium, Italy and Spain, Great Britain, and the United States. In each case, the documents and books are listed, classified, and briefly described. The last chapter presents the author's own conclusions as to the policies of the several countries. His position is substantially that of G. Lowes Dickinson.

> The outbreak of the Great War (he writes) is the condemnation not only of the performers who strutted for a brief hour across the stage, but above all of the international anarchy which they inherited and which they did little to abate.

This judgment, it should be emphasized, involves no exculpation of any of the nations—Professor Gooch is as far from calling England innocent as he is from calling Germany guilty. What he sees is the mutual responsibility of all the actors in the awful tragedy. In so far as there was direct guilt, "the principal authors," he says, "were Germany and Austria on the one side, Russia and Serbia on the other." To France he would assign a lesser role than that alleged by George Demartial and Harry Elmer Barnes. But "it is a mistake to attribute exceptional wickedness to the Governments who, in the words of Lloyd George, stumbled and staggered into war. . . . The root of the evil lay in the division of Europe into two armed camps. . . . The conflict was in large measure the offspring of fear."

Professor Gooch has given us an invaluable book. It must be given its place in every library which has any literature on the World War.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy," by G. P. Gooch, D. Litt., F. B. A. Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

Correspondence

The Great Flood in India

To the EDITOR:

. . . India is passing through a terrible time, but it is all making for growth and strength of character. I cannot tell you how tired I am, how hard it is to write. . . . I am in the flooded area where people are homeless and starving.

India. C. F. ANDREWS.

The Most Effective Thing to Do to Stop War

Editor of UNITY:

The stand of Quakers beside ancient Christians in a refusal to bear arms is magnificent. Since the horrible slaughter of the world war we see how splendid it was. For any man or woman to take a stand for the Quaker position on war is supreme heroism and a wisdom superior. But can we bring enough men and women to a position where in the heat of war they will stand firm in sufficient numbers to count? I fear it is very hard. Once war is declared by organized government, then that government has all power to enforce its declaration. It will if need be, stand the men who oppose it or murmur up against a wall and shoot them. It will bring to bear upon those who differ all the powerful influences at its disposal, social reproval, ridicule, scorn, punishment—and few will have moral stamina to withstand.

We must go back a step if we would stop war. To protest by any means once war is declared can not count for much. The thing to be done is make impossible the *Declaration of War.* And the only check upon that is for the people to take from their rulers the power to declare war.

To stop war extend Democracy. The founders of the American government felt a declaration of war by a single man was dangerous and they did not allow their chief executive to have it. Only Congress could make the declaration. We now see that a majority of 496 men is too small a body to pass upon a question which means the ultimate chance at life and liberty.

Take Away From the Rulers, whether they be kings, presidents, or parliaments, the power to declare war. Reorganize government so that only the people themselves can declare war. In other words change every constitution of every government, so that only by a referendum vote by a majority of the people can war be declared. Let the people who must bear the burdens be the ones to decide.

Given thirty days for discussion and consideration, can any one imagine France and Germany voting war against each other in a full referendum vote of all the people? A referendum vote would require at least a month, 30 days for passions to cool, thinkers to teach, and men and women to think.

As keen students of American government, and as great friends of the people, as the late Robert M. Lafollette and William J. Bryan, were strong for this reform. They understood the situation and they were friends of the people. Now comes the conservative Ambassador Houghton, and in a clear and convincing statement calls for a plebiscite vote on declaring war as the only way to end it.

In addition to anything else we do, let us work for a political reform whereby the people will take away from their government the power to declare war by that government and retain it to themselves alone. Then will we build about us a wall of protection, which I believe the people would ever use to protect themselves from war.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

House of Representatives, Boston.

A Chinese Paper in America

Editor of UNITY:

I am addressing you in behalf of a movement with which I believe you are in sympathy—the bettering of the understanding of Chinese ideals and aspirations to the end that the traditional friendship between China and America, which we student Chinese deeply prize, may become a force for good now and a pledge of continuing amity for the future. The *Chinese Students' Monthly* is the organ of the Chinese Students' Alliance in North America. During this year it endeavors to give to the American public authentic interpretations of the spirit of Chinese culture and the meaning of the Chinese

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

EVENTS IN GERMANY DURING THE SUMMER 1927

[From our Correspondent in Germany]

The summer now drawing to a close has been a very active one in Germany as far as conventions, exhibits and festival plays are concerned. The German likes to discuss and philosophize and to get down to basic facts regarding anything in which he is interested, so the holding of conventions comes quite naturally to him.

I should like to make a few remarks about these various activities of the past summer. Of the conventions, that of the Evangelisch-Sozialer Kongress (Protestant-Social Convention) is perhaps the most interesting to those outside of Germany. Of the exhibits that arranged by the Deutscher Werkbund on "The Home" attracted the most attention both here and abroad. Among the many festival plays which were held in various German cities and towns, those in Heidelberg were by far the most important, both from the histrionic and artistic standpoints.

I

Protestant-Social Convention

The question as to the relation of Christianity and the Protestant Church to social welfare work did not arise in Germany, but quite naturally in England, where the conflict between capital and labor first became a real problem. In Germany, Wichern, the founder of the "Home Missions," was the first to realize an unsolved problem in the masses of workers who no longer attended church. This problem occupied much of his time and thought. Stöcker assumed this phase of Wichern's work as his own mission and organized a Christian-Social movement, in which he was supported by such men as Adolf Wagner, Harnack, Kaftan and Friedrich Naumann, men who otherwise differed greatly in their convictions on religion, church and politics.

In the year 1890 a society was founded composed of Protestants of all classes and of all political parties with the purpose of studying the social conditions of Germany free from prejudice, to take the Gospel as the standard of moral and religious life, to make this standard more operative in the economic life of today, and to spur on the Protestant Church to its social responsibility. In order to carry out the purposes of this society, an annual convention was inaugurated, which is held yearly during Whitsuntide week in various cities of Germany. What a vast amount of varying shades of thought and opinion are here gathered together! The proceedings of these meetings are printed and distributed, courses pertaining to social welfare work are held from time to time in industrial centers, and a monthly periodical keeps the members informed about the progress of the work. Questionnaires help to gather statistics about problematic conditions.

Stöcker succeeded in gathering together men from various political and religious groups, who worked together in the spirit of Christianity and actual social welfare. Here men, who possibly otherwise would have avoided each other, discussed openly and without passion the problems of economic life from the standpoint of the Christian. This gave a charm to the conventions which cannot be over-estimated. At these conventions it is clear that the social welfare work and the Gospel of Jesus must go hand in hand to bring about a better moral and economic order of affairs.

At this year's convention, which took place in Hamburg, the two main topics under discussion were: "New Developments of Socialism" and "Co-operation." Professor Wilbrandt of the University of Tübingen, in discussing the former, described the development and disruption of the socialist movement as having sprung from the trunk of Utopianism with branches of Marxism and English Socialism, the later bearing the nature of co-operative societies. The first-mentioned branch developed along the Communistic platform to Russian Bolshevism with over-organized State-Socialism, monopoly of foreign trade and dictatorship. A point of contact between these two is found in Co-operative Socialism, which bears the stamp of Marxian Communism.

Marxian Socialism proved itself constructively inadequate. This brought about a revision. Herein the Continental development approached that of England. Socialism began to educate its followers in co-operation. The problem is to free the worker from his inner isolation and to make him a happy and satisfied co-worker. This gives evidence of the fact that Socialism without moral values is impossible. The question must be raised as to the motives of Socialism. These are goodness, love, religion. Marx and Engels were prompted by these motives. As Friedrich Stampfer expressed it: "They all had a bit of religion in them, together with a naive consciousness that they did not have it."

The social-welfare pastor, Rev. Menn of Düsseldorf, spoke on the subject of "Co-operation." His trend of thought was somewhat as follows. Although we are in this age over-organized in matters pertaining to the special interest of various groups, there is a great lack of the real community spirit. We have to bring about "Werkgemeinschaft" (co-operation between the owner, the employees and the workers). Contracts and organizations, however, are not sufficient. It depends upon human beings and their attitude. The church must bring it about that those of its members who stand in the midst of the economic struggle hold meetings: the employees for themselves and the employers for themselves and then both together, not in order to discuss economic problems or to reproach one another, but rather to ask themselves seriously as Christians whether they have permitted the spirit of Christ to be sufficiently active in their work. Together they must consider the question as to how the Gospel can have greater influence upon the economic life and especially upon their own organization. John the Baptist and Abraham a Sancta Clara were "class" preachers. It is Menn's opinion that we, too, need special preachers for the different classes, in order to bring them together again. The Protestant Church of the Rhineland appointed Menn as a social-welfare pastor. He travels throughout Germany, holding courses in which these ideas are promulgated. The writer, who belongs to the class of capitalists, being part-owner of a factory, attended one of these courses and considers that in this way alone can the differences now existing between the classes be eradicated.

THEODOR HAHN.

[To be continued]

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

News Sheet

International News.—*The Third International Congress of Ex-Service Men* was held this year in Vienna. The Congress stated definitely its intention to oppose any tentatives to new wars or to any social disorder. It "appealed to the Governments to refrain in their declarations from any expressions likely to call up past hostilities, but to turn frankly towards the future and work in all sincerity for reconciliation between the nations."

The following Minute is of great importance:

"This Congress, having in mind that the physical and moral suffering of the millions of the mutilated and the ex-combatants of whom it is the mouthpiece gives it the *right and the duty* to work actively for ensuring peace.

"Loyal to the principles of arbitration, security, disarmament contained in the resolutions of the two Congresses of 1925 and 1926,

"And convinced that only the development of co-operation between the nations will prevent further wars,

"1. Declares that the general acceptance of compulsory arbitration for all disputes between States is an essential element of organization for peace;

"2. Affirms the necessity of giving to the League of Nations a real executive power, so as to organize from now onwards the collective action of its members;

"3. Emphasizes the fact that the

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revolution—so similar in character and aim to the American Revolution of a hundred and fifty years ago. For January we plan a special number on Sino-American friendship, and we are wondering if we may not hope for an article from your pen honoring this number,—an article of perhaps 400 words touching any phase of the question which appeals to your interest. Doubtless you will understand that a periodical supported by struggling students is unable to pay for contributions, but we are hopeful that your sense of the value of our effort will prompt you to aid us in this fashion. Through the influence of men who sympathize with China's hopes there will, we are sure, be created in this country a much better and worthier understanding between the two peoples, Chinese and American, and for your assistance toward this end we who already owe to America so much for our higher education will be doubly glad and grateful.

Very sincerely yours,

Madison, Wis. KWEI CHEN.

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By

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hopes of the peoples for disarmament have been deceived up to the present and urges all the Governments to consider carefully the work of the last Assembly of the League of Nations so as to effect as soon as possible a general, progressive and controlled reduction of armaments."

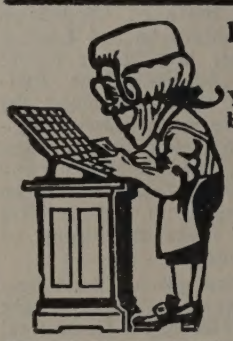
* * *

The Institute of Pacific Relations has recently held a most important conference at Honolulu. The delegates were for the greater part notable persons from the various countries bordering on the Pacific: Chinese, Japanese, British, American. The function of the Conference was not so much to arrive at definite conclusions as to define existing problems with accuracy, to initiate research where it was needed (e. g., in matters of food supply, population, the effect of missions on the culture and social customs of the Pacific peoples) and to discover possible lines of advance. Fuller details may be found in our friend Henry Hodgkin's article on the subject in the October number of "Foreign Affairs." This Conference is not only important in itself; but it is but one of the numerous instances of the present need for common creative thinking on which the solution of our modern problems must largely depend.

* * *

Switzerland. — On September 8, E. Jacopin, a Geneva school teacher, was tried before the military tribunal at Lausanne for desertion. He left his military service three days before its expiration, and he explained in a letter to his captain and his comrades, his motives, which were those of conscientious objection. The Geneva police department and the only witness paid high tribute to the conduct and character of the accused, who was nevertheless sentenced to three months' imprisonment and the forfeiture of civil rights for a period of three years.

In the Swiss local press the question as to whether a conscientious objector should be allowed to retain his post as a public school teacher was put forward; the reply was in the negative, stating that to allow this would be a kind of suicide for the State.



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